

My Home at Sea

Brooke Riley

We live on the coast, an archipelago of light.

Water so deep, rich, blue, and bright.

Worth comes not only from coral or fish,

Or seaweed served on a gold-plated dish.

Value comes from the tale yet to be told,

An ecosystem, worth more than gold.

A forest lays beneath the sea.

A treasured community of reefs and anemone.

Building sandcastles, on crystal shores in daylight.

Riding the waves into the night.

But soon my blue, rich ocean will be red, white, yellow, black.

Scarred by plastic, oils, people who hang its children on plaques.

We loot, pollute, take what is not ours.

Fight for miles, kilometers, hours after hours.

I choose to give up, bottles, bags, non-reusable things.

Why am I the only one, by now don't you see?

When we focus too much on what others do wrong, we skip ourselves.

I add polluters strait to the shelves.

Let go of what you think you need,

Companies, Franchises, silicone rings.

They add to the issue, add to the Patch,
Add to the pain, the suffer, like no other match.
The little trinkets, the bibs and bobs,
They work only for the money, forget honest jobs.
We cannot live a lie, a fake wanted truth.
We have a responsibility, a promise, to teach our youth.
To them we still give a gift,
One that was never ours to begin with.
We pass it on,
Tattered, Broken, Polluted, gone.
If we give away what was never mine,
We leave each sea creature to die.
There is still a chance to save our sea.
Something I wish, beg, and plea.
We cannot live longer without the help you bring.
Help make sure we have another spring.
If not for yourself, then for your kids,
Or the herring, the dolphins, the orca, giant squid.
I implore,
Once more,
Help clean the water; help save the Earth.
Help save our home, our love, our kindness, we have a duty to save, help and
preserve.